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Of the ancient cage-work houses existing in Harris's time, there is not even one now remaining. The last stood at the corner of Castle-street and Werburgh-street, and was taken down so late as the year 1813. Of this we have the pleasure of presenting our readers with the faithful view, prefixed to this article, from an original drawing, now for the first time engraved.

In a former number (p. 201) we remarked, in speaking of the modern appearance of our metropolis as compared with that of other ancient cities of the empire, that there is not at present remaining within its precincts, even a single house erected previous to the commencement of the last century: we should, however, have excepted the ancient Archbishop's Palace, in Kevin-street, now used as a police barrack, which is of considerable antiquity, and presents the castellated appearance usual in ancient houses of consequence.

In respect to the houses erected in Dublin in the reign of James the First and his unfortunate son, we think Harris errs in stating that they were sometimes of brick; we rather think that brick houses were not erected in Ireland till after the Revolution, and we believe there was not one of this material built in Dublin till the reign of Queen Anne.

Of the houses of that period we have even whole streets still remaining, of which Rainsford-street, in the Liberty, once the abode of a great portion of the wealth and respectability of the city, affords the most striking example. They are at once recognised by their fantastic gabled terminations, and their horizontal divisions of stories; and though their style, which is of Dutch origin, is not remarkable for good taste, it is at least more picturesque than the square and unadorned box-shaped houses of a later time, which are also inferior in costliness of materials, and excellence of workmanship.

As a characteristic and somewhat fantastic specimen of the houses of that period, we have prefixed an elevation of one which stood in Marrowbone-lane, in the Liberty, and which was taken down in 1813.

The tablet over the upper window was inscribed with the date, 1713, and the initials of the founder and his wife's names. Such conjugal mementos were usual, and derived from an earlier time, but are now wholly laid aside.

P.

POPULAR LEGENDS OF THE SOUTH—NO. I.

THE MIDWIFE.

Now cast your eyes around while I dissolve,
The mists and fogs that mortal eyes involve;
Purge from your sight the dross and make you see,
The shape of each avenging Deity.

DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

Twas on a bright Sunday morning, in the latter days of June, that the congregation began to thicken fast, in the neighbourhood of Kiskane Chapel, the whitewashed walls of the sacred edifice waxed brighter in the rays of the summer sun, over the right bank of the Ariglin, whose waters meandering along their green and beautiful banks, appeared in the reflection of the sun, like islets of light gleaming amid an emerald sea, till sweeping round the oak crowned cliff of Daniel the Outlaw, they receded from the sight. The sombre hue of the surrounding mountains, was relieved by groups of the peasantry, directing their steps across the purple heather, from every direction towards the Chapel, the lively appearance of the females adding greatly to the beauty of the scene.

Among a group that basked in the long grass of the chapel yard, waiting the arrival of the Rev. Father M'Naughtin, was placed Tim Murphy. Tim was an old man, of infinite humour, and keen remark, the oracle of the hamlet where he resided, and his memory the storehouse of legendary lore, his grey locks hung negligently over his decent frize coat, the head of his Clegh-alpeen was neatly set with bright brass nails, while the red worsted garters surmounting the blue woollen stockings just below the knee of the old fashioned breeches, spoke one determined to maintain the fashion of the olden days, in contempt of modern innovations.

"In truth Nell you were the decent girl when you and I danced a *noween* together at Cullin, 43 years ago, come next Lateeren's day, many an ould body an' a young one too, wished us married, and said we were the smartest

couple on the green, & augh now we're ould an' stiff, 'glory be to God.'

This apostrophe was directed by Tim to an old woman with a black patch over her right eye, who just had entered the chapel gate, and was directing her tottering steps beyond the circles that surrounded Tim Murphy. She had been time out of mind, the midwife of the neighbouring districts, and though she never studied any of those volumes that treat of the obstetric art, Nell gave universal satisfaction in the way of her profession.

"I wonder" said an arch wag, with a laughter-loving eye, "I wonder Tim, as Nell and you were such a pretty pair of dancers, an' well acquainted av' coorse, that you took no notion to get at the *blind side* of her."

"Arrah Andy a vhic," answered Tim, "it does not become the like o' you to crack jokes at elderly people:—your days are not over yet, *ma bochal*, and your own father, God rest his soul in glory; if he lived could say that he saw Nell Connor with two bright blue eyes, till one of the *good people*, at the fair of Millstreet struck out her right eye, with the point of his switch. God between the hearers and harm!"

"Never mind the *Dhalteen*," said a voice in the group, "give him up to the Clargy; we long to hear how Nell Connor, poor dear woman, lost her eye."

"Why then in less than no time," said Tim, directing his eyes round the circle of anxious auditors, "you shall hear it word for word as it left Nell's mouth, at ould Andrew Hicky's wake, when that young joker there, young Andy with his *gography* and *wild book keeping*, was but a broth of a gomulach, not cute enough to roast a brogue."

After a hem or two, Tim commenced his narration, the substance of which is as follows;

The family of Nell Connor had all retired to bed, on a wet stormy December night, when a loud knocking at the door, and a strange shrill voice demanding the midwife's attendance on a *sick woman*, aroused the inmates from their slumber, the rain pattered against the single pane that formed the only window of the apartment, and the wind whistled mournfully through the chinks of its mud wall. Nell, ever faithful to the duties of her profession, rose reluctantly, flung her mantle off frize on her shoulders, and opened the door. "'Tis a fearful wild night, to venture abroad in," said she, accosting a tall, dark looking man, mounted on a fine grey horse, "but it is strange a cushla I dont know ye; have we far to go?" "Not far," said the dark man, in a super-human tone, that thrilled to the midwife's soul. He caught her hand; and Nell felt herself raised as light as a feather, into the pillion behind him. They shot along with the lightning's rapidity; and though a pitchy darkness enveloped earth and heaven, the grey horse moved with sure and steady speed. After passing many a hollow dell and rising moorland, during which no sound betrayed the tramp of the horse's hoofs, they came to the banks of the swollen and rapid Ariglin:—the roaring rush of the muddy river, the blue gleam of the lightning flashing over its troubled wave, and the fitful moaning of the savage blast, struck terror to the midwife's heart. "God and the blessed Virgin preserve me," she exclaimed in a paroxysm of despair; and the hollow cliffs that part the dashing waters reverberated the sounds.

"Utter these names again, and abide the consequence," said the mysterious horseman angrily; then plunging into the wild stream, "be silent," he continued, "and fear nothing, though you were sailing in a turf kish on the broad sea." Gaining the opposite bank, they drove at the same rapid rate with which they at first set forward, till they reached the fort of Doon, which Nell well recognized, as the rising moon flung her pale melancholy light athwart the horizon. Alighting from his horse, the tall dark man struck the ground with his foot, which opening, discovered a long flight of steps that led into the bosom of the earth, he instantly descended, and called upon his terrified companion to follow him. They entered a winding passage that led into a lofty hall, illuminated with burning tapers. The tables groined beneath the splendid feast; the unearthly thrilling of the melting harp, stole softly on the ear, while a circle of lovely ladies and polished gentlemen flew through all the mazes of the dance, to the stirring sound of the "brisk awakening viol," these were the pro-

minent sights that caught Nell's attention, as her conductor led her hastily through the hall, to an inner chamber, where lay the female, whom she was called on to assist in travail. After Nell had announced the birth of a fine boy, the tall dark man, who still remained in the room, gave her a vessel, containing a greenish ointment, with which he ordered her to anoint the new-born babe from head to foot, but he cautioned her to suffer none of it to touch any part of her except the hand that performed the operation. When this unction was concluded, and the child dressed and laid in a superb cradle, Nell Connor feeling a certain twitching sensation in her right eye, instinctively clapped her hand to that organ when she perceived the objects in the chamber suddenly to undergo a strange metamorphosis, and assume an undefinable two-fold appearance, in which the true and unreal were blended together in an indistinguishable way. She rightly considered that this arose from the virtue of the ointment, which gave her right eye the facility of seeing the things of this strange souterrain in their proper shape; upon closing her left eye all this delusion vanished. The beautiful "lady in the straw," appeared a withered hag; the lovely boy a shapeless cross-grained squaller; and the all mysterious horseman was suddenly changed into a little red-haired chap, of three feet high, wearing a comical red cap—his deformed skinny mouth, extended from ear to ear, and his restless piercing eyes seemed to search the midwife's soul, whenever she met their malignant regard. "Nell Connor," said the little red-haired man, "I feel obliged by your civility; and here is a trifle for your trouble," so saying, he put into her hand what seemed to her *left eye* to be two bright pieces of gold; but which the *right one* detected as two ivy leaves, clipped round all the edges. In passing out, the hall and its guests were sadly altered:—the polished gentlemen and lovely ladies were short red capped fellows and deformed bel-dames. Instead of delicious music, mere villainous discordant sounds; and the bright tapers were twinkling rush-lights; upon emerging into moon-light, the "gallant grey," that travelled so fleetly to Doon, proved nothing more than the *beam of an old plough*, which had lain since the preceding spring across the stone gap at the corner of Nell's cabin; quaking with terror she mounted behind her conductor. The beam performed its part to admiration, outstript the passing wind—recrossed the roaring Ariglin, and, after some hard cantering over marsh and moorland, set Nell Connor down, pretty much to her satisfaction, at her own door, as the *March cock* upon the roost within proclaimed the decline of the tardy night.

Mill-street fair happened on the next day; and Nell Connor having business there, was surprised on entering the town, to see her little red haired acquaintance busily employed in selecting and carrying off the choicest cows, and substituting in their stead, clods or stones, or other inanimate things, which in the strict resemblance they were made to bear to the animals thus abstracted, deceived every mortal eye but Nell's: she attentively watched his progress during the busy afternoon; at length she entered a crowded tent, where sat a fine looking country girl, and her sweet-heart, refreshing themselves with a cake, and a glass of punch; the busy purloiner of the cows approached the maiden, and thrusting a *thraneen* up her nostril, caused her to sneeze three successive times; he "grinned horrible a ghastly smile," at the first and second sneeze, but at the third, when Nell Connor exclaimed, "Christ and the Blessed Virgin between you an' the evil one, ma colleen bawn," the disappointed fairy gnashed his teeth in anger; his malignant eyes beamed with fury, and darting, like the lightning's flash, through the guests of the crowded tent, to the spot where Nell Connor stood, and striking out her *right eye* with the point of his switch, immediately disappeared.

At the conclusion of this singular legend, the influx of the crowd to the chapel gate, announced the priest's arrival; the reclining groups were soon in motion, and Tim's auditors reluctantly retired to hear mass. E. W.

Sensible acts of violence have an epidemic force; they operate by sympathy: they possess the air, as it were, by certain tender influences, and spread the kindred passion through the whole community. GRATTAN.

ON THE NATURAL HISTORY OF IRELAND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

SIR,—It has been remarked by the celebrated Mr. White, of Selbourne, and Sir William Jardine, "that Ireland has hitherto been unexplored by the naturalist." This assertion, though rather sweeping, is on the whole, nearly correct; for, although our island has produced many able naturalists, no one has ever given to the world any thing approaching to a general view of its natural history. One has studied its botany—another its mineralogy, and a third its geology; and these gentlemen have published their remarks either in a separate form, or read them before some of the many societies in different parts of the British islands. One endeavours to give you an account of the natural productions of a particular parish or county, and another confines his researches to one of the departments of natural history in a particular province, or perhaps extends his investigation over the greater part of our island.

These are all highly desirable, but why has not some one stepped forward—collected these valuable materials together—made researches of his own—and with the assistance which he could derive from naturalists in all parts of the kingdom, have brought the whole into one book, and given it to the world, as "a Natural History of Ireland," as complete as the most diligent researches, and the most extended assistance could render it? Why has this not been done? Why have England and Scotland produced from time to time different systems of natural history—innumerable works on their zoology, botany, and geology—natural histories of the Orkney and Shetland isles—of most of the dependancies of Great Britain, many of them far inferior in importance to Ireland? Why, I ask, has Ireland sent forth no work descriptive of its natural history? merely because in this department of science, as in many others, no one has thought Ireland sufficiently deserving of such an honour. The flowers are left to "waste their sweetness on the desert air," unplucked by the hand of the botanist; the feathered tribes may wheel aloft their airy flight, and make their annual migrations unheeded by the ornithologist; the geologist examines the country in his own neighbourhood, but leaves whole districts elsewhere unexplored; the entomologist collects the insects of one district or county, and forms a cabinet tolerably complete in this department of zoology; but is it not a notorious fact, that there exist whole districts—I might say counties, in the south and west of Ireland, never trodden by the foot of the naturalist, whose recesses have never been penetrated for the advancement of science, and where specimens different from any hitherto seen might be discovered?

Of upwards of two hundred islands surrounding Ireland how few have been ever visited for the purposes of ascertaining their natural history? Why the natural history of one of the groups of the Orkney or Shetland isles, insignificant as they may appear, is at this moment, I will venture to say, as well, if not better known than that of Ireland, forming as she does, so considerable a part of the British isles.

It unfortunately happens that those persons who feel most anxious for the advancement of science, are those who are possessed of the poorest means for accomplishing the wished for object. While those who have the means in their power, and could if they were willing, do much in its favour, are those who pursue natural history rather for the mere pleasure and gratification it affords them to possess a good collection of specimens, than for the purpose of making those researches by which they would not only gain reputation for themselves, but would assist in elevating their native country to that rank to which she is entitled among her more fortunate neighbours.

And surely Ireland is worth exploring. Many plants have been found in it which were not before known to naturalists; among them I may mention the *Rosa Hibernica*, *Orobánche rubra*, and about twenty others, discovered by the late Mr. Templeton, of Belfast, who, had he been spared a few years longer, would in all probability have given us the only "Natural History of Ireland" ever published. Some of your readers may say, that different works bearing the title have been published—true, but